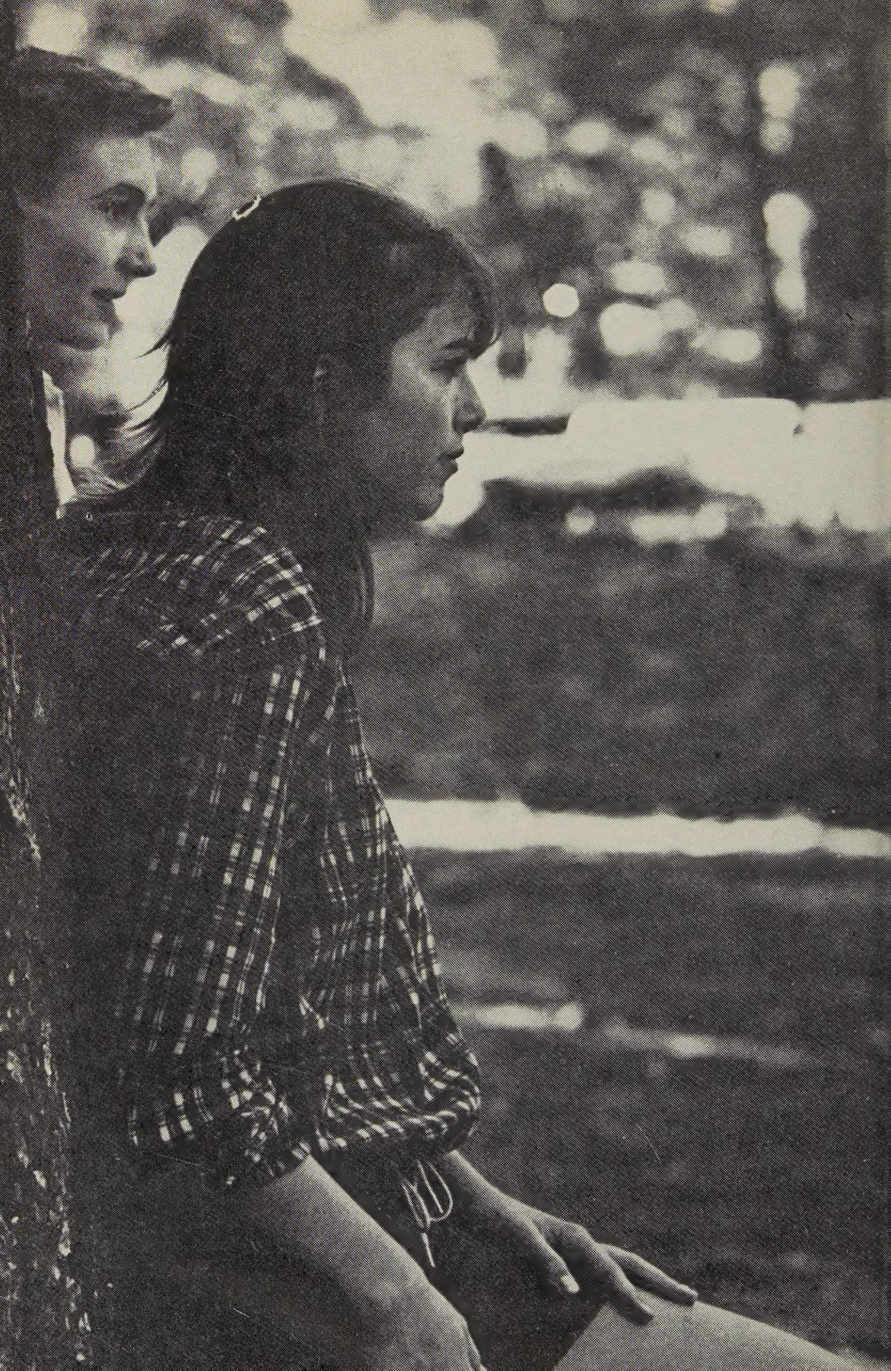

Youth
SEPTEMBER 11, 1966
IGNORE THIS BUTTON!
UNICEF
ALL THE WAY WITH LBJ
YANKEE COME HOME
"Nervous Nellies"
WITHDRAW FROM VIETNAM
GOD BLESS AMERICA THE FLAG I LOVE
PANIC BUTTON
amp out
report
cards
AMERICA FIRST
THE LORD IS ON MY SIDE
MEREDITH MISSISSIPPI MARCH
FOR FREEDOM
June - 1966
I'M A
SWINGER
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR
BE PECULIAR
DON'T JUST STAND THERE-
DO SOMETHING



. . at summer's end

Y DEBBY MANGES / The end of the summer had come all o soon for Janet. It had been perfect! She looked up at ne sunset. The glowing reds and yellows cast brilliant ighlights in her hair and she knew it.

Suddenly she heard footsteps in the undergrowth behind er and without turning around she knew it would be Alan.

"Hi beautiful." he said. She turned.

"Hello, Alan," she answered. "I guess this is good-bye," he aid.

"Not forever, I hope," Janet replied.

"Of course not!," said Alan. "I'll write and maybe even rive up your way on week-ends."

"That will be fun, but it's still not like seeing each other very day," she said wistfully.

"I know, I know," he sighed, dropping all signs of heerfulness in his voice.

"But wait, I have something for you," he said, digging round in his back pocket. He dropped a sparkling lavender tone in her hand. "It's something to remember me by. It's n amethyst. I found it the night I found you."

The stone lay cold and hard in her hand.

"It's beautiful," she said. "You may have this to remember ne by," said Janet, slipping a gold locket from around her eck. "It has a picture of me when I was three years old side."

"I'll treasure it always like I'll treasure the memory of you nd the moments we spent together," he said. His arms ent around her and he kissed her for the last time.

"Good-bye, Janet."

"Good-bye, Alan."

He turned quickly and started back to camp. Janet watched im as far as she could and then looked up at the sky. The unset was barely visible now. She shivered. It was cold and esides she'd hate to be caught out in the woods without a ashlight. She walked down the path that Alan had just aken. Then suddenly she felt the hardness of the amethyst n her hand. She held it up. It glittered as it caught the un's last rays. Then she threw it as hard as she could into ne undergrowth of tangled trees and vines, and without ooking back, ran as fast as she could to camp.

A solitary moonbeam caught a glimpse of lavender and old, side by side, the last remnants of a summer's omance. ▼

EBBY MANGES / This 17-year-old writer is from Elkhart, Ind.

by Donald Rogers

Youth / Volume 17
Number 16

September 11, 1966

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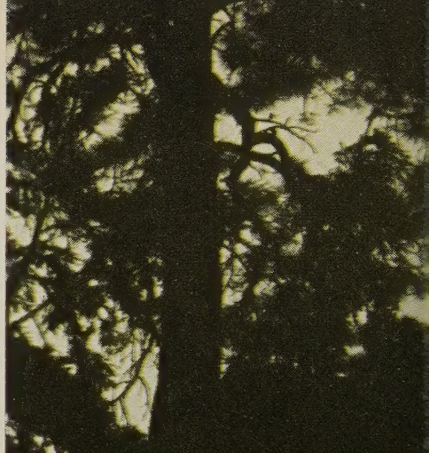
YOUTH magazine
is published
for high school young people
of the
United Church of Christ
and
The Episcopal Church
An **Horizons** edition is published
for young people of the
Church of the Brethren
YOUTH is also
recommended for use
among young people of the
Anglican Church of Canada

YOUTH magazine is published every other week throughout the year (except during July and August, when monthly) by the United Church Press. The *Horizons* Edition is distributed to Brethren youth by The General Brotherhood Board—Church of the Brethren.

Publication office: 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. 63103. Second class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103. Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 30, 1943.

Subscription rates: Single subscriptions, $3.00 a year. Group rates, five or more to one address, $2.40 each. Single copies, 15 cents each, double issues, 25 cents.

Subscription offices: *United Church of Christ:* Division of Publication, United Church Board for Homeland Ministries, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Episcopal Church:* Circulation Department, YOUTH magazine, Room 310, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Church of the Brethren:* General Brotherhood Board, 1451 Dundee Ave., Elgin, Ill. 60120.



A FAMILY FAREWELL



RUSSELL ROWLAND / Briefly then, a thinness of dust mists the r over the road. They watch it, this last goodbye in the dust. Then drifts, and they do not watch it any longer. There are four of em now. A minute ago there were five. This morning there were venty-one. And now they are four. They sit in a tight little circle ound the edge of the well.

"I just can't take much more of this."

"Isn't it awful?"

"I think I'm going to cry."

"I don't think I could any more. Not after last night."

"Wasn't it beautiful?"

"I should be exhausted, but I'm not."

"No, I'm not either. At least, not inside."

"I'm glad it was . . . the way it was. I'm glad we had Communion."

"We weren't planning to, originally. It was kind of a last-minute cision."

"Pumpernickel and water. That was the wildest Communion I ever d." They laugh.

"Oh, I know it! And . . . it was the first I've ever had that meant much, too."

"It was beautiful."

"Especially when you knew it would all be over the next morning."

"Linda cried herself to sleep."

"She was the first to leave today, wasn't she?"

"Yes, I guess she was."

"I was in the lodge. I didn't even get to say good-bye." They are uiet a while. Heat rises from the dust and distant clouds go by. It enough.

oto by Donald Rogers

"Oh, no! Is that *another* car I hear coming?" Four hearts pound silently.

"No . . . no. It's the wind over in the pines. Hear it?"

"Thank goodness."

"Oh, how that scared me!"

"I just can't stand this."

"You keep wondering who'll be the next to go."

"Let's not even think about it."

"It's hard not to."

"Isn't this silly? A week is just a week, after all. We knew it couldn't last always."

"Yes, but somehow you don't . . . don't. . . ."

"You don't look at it that way. You can't."

"You don't have time to, really. Boy, the hours we've been keeping!"

"Oh, I know it!"

"I don't think I've gotten more than three hours sleep at a stretch all week."

"Me too. And you know, the most wonderful things seem to happen at times when I'm usually dead to the world."

"Of course, that wouldn't be true everywhere."

"I know. Just . . . here."

"Even doing dishes seems wonderful all of a sudden."

"Well, I wouldn't go quite that far, but . . ." They laugh again. They are very tense.

"This whole week has been one long Communion for me. I know that sounds silly, but. . . ."

"No it doesn't. I know just what you mean."

"I do too."

"And so do I. It's kind of . . . some special paradise, almost. Something real."

"Thank goodness there's next year. I don't know *what* I'd do if there couldn't be . . . next year."

"But even if we couldn't be coming back, even so . . . we're—we're a family now, and nothing can ever change that."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"It's true. This is home. It always will be home."

A long blue station wagon glides around the corner of the lodge. It comes upon them silently.

"Oh, no! Here's another one."

"Oh, please no. . . ."

"Whose. . . ."

"It's . . . ours. It's our car."

"Oh Tommy, no. . . ."

"Yup. Well. . . ." They all stand up. The car stops and a stocky an gets out.
"Hello!" Says the man.
"Hello, Dad."
"So! All packed and ready to roll?" The man smiles, but he seems o loud.
"All set, Dad."
"Good. We'd best be off, then. It's a good two hours home, you ow. The lawn misses you." He laughs at his joke and looks jovially the other three. They smile back quickly.
"Well! How was it, anyway?"
"Wonderful, Dad." And the others murmur, "Wonderful. . . ."
"Great. Glad to hear it. Well!" The moment is here.
"So long, Tommy. Next year, right?"
"Right, George. So long." They shake hands, hard.
"So long, Bright Eyes. Show up next year, you hear?"
"You bet, Ugly. You too."
"Goodbye, Patty." He takes her hand and almost . . . no.
"Goodbye, Tommy." A tear comes down her cheek suddenly.
The blue station wagon turns self-consciously and straightens out nto the road. Then it is gone. Again, dust rolls up to become a aze over the road. It hangs in the air until the wind finds it.
Now they are three.
"Come on, let's . . . get out of the sun."
They retreat and sit down under the tree. Patty slips off her oes and presses her feet into the coolness of the grass. She sits art, facing the woods, arms hugging her legs. They cannot see she is crying.
George cradles his guitar and strums a few soft notes.
"Some of us maybe won't be coming back next year. One reason another. . . ."
"That's true."
"It's all over."
"Yes."
"No it isn't." She is not crying. "Not if we don't let it be."
"How?"
"I . . . don't know. But we must keep it alive somehow. Until ext year."
"Yes. Till then." He puts the guitar aside.
The sound of an engine floats around the corner. A sporty white mpact pulls up.
Patty looks around and then gets to her feet. Her face is xpressionless. "Come on, Bright Eyes. That's us."
"Oh . . . oh *Beans!*"
George rises too. "Here, I'll carry the suitcases." They move ward the car.

The door opens and an elderly man gets out.

"Howdy, kids."

"Hello, Grampa." The man starts back to open the trunk.

"Grampa, this is Ethel."

"How do you do, Ethel."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Manson. Thank you so m-much for offering to take me home."

"No trouble at all. Clinton is right on our way. No trouble at all." The suitcases are loaded.

"Well now, was it a good week?"

"Wonderful, Grampa. I'll . . . never forget it."

"Now that's fine. I think it's a darn good idea—this sort of thing." He nods toward the lodge and coughs. Ethel is sobbing quietly and it embarrasses him.

"Well, hop in, ladies. Your mother wants us back in time for supper, Patty. Goodbye, young man."

"Goodbye, sir."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Grampa, this is George."

"How do you do, George."

"How do you do, sir."

"Nice to have met you."

"Nice to have met you, sir."

"Goodbye, George. Come back next year."

"Right, Patty. See you then."

"G-goodbye, George."

"So long, Bri-. . . Ethel."

"I'll write the minute I get home."

"I'll be waiting."

The little car drives off and the dust rises again. The engine dies away into the forest.

Grass around the well is mussed and flattened from twenty suitcases. Now there is just his. Also his tennis racket, and his guitar. Nothing else. Everyone else is gone now. It is very quiet.

He sits on his suitcase and looks at the ground. All is over, he knows, now and forever. The magic, the warmth and the love . . . . Next year? They will return, some of them perhaps. The family will return, shyly—as strangers. They will have to begin anew. And that week, too, will end. He knows.

Soon a grey convertible comes, and he must smile for his mother and father and little sister. Suitcase, racket and guitar disappear. A door opens and shuts to the music of voices. The grey convertible moves away, trailing a dry fog of dust. The dust hangs in the air, a little while. ▼

RUSS ROWLAND / Living in Bethel, Conn., Russ is a frequent contributor to YOUTH magazine.



Photo by Ken Thompson

ng hot summer exploded
g bombs, riots—death
veland, Hanoi, Chicago
dren, teens, adults
ere all shades of
—brown.
od is dead and the
Caped Crusader
ms temporarily ineffectively in
charge—
n in Washington.)

all approaches
g
shades of brown
leaves,
ill, classes, homework.

he violence of the summer,
ath and anguish of people.
me rebel at these thoughts of school,
my return to the status quo.
hould I sit, while suffering continues?
hould I go to school,
le the world rushes past?

ook at the mess adults
ntinue to make of our world
trust anyone over 30!)
to shout:
outh of the world—wake up!

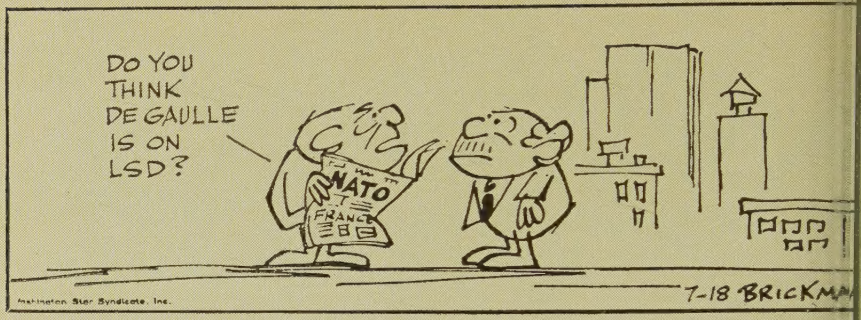
Don't let them brain-wash you into
becoming what they are!
Let's quit their system
and take over—now!"

Yet, knowing that knowledge is both
a power for good and evil—
The key to improve or destroy
this messed up world,
The depth that puts all of life
into perspective,
I know I won't leave school.
Not yet.

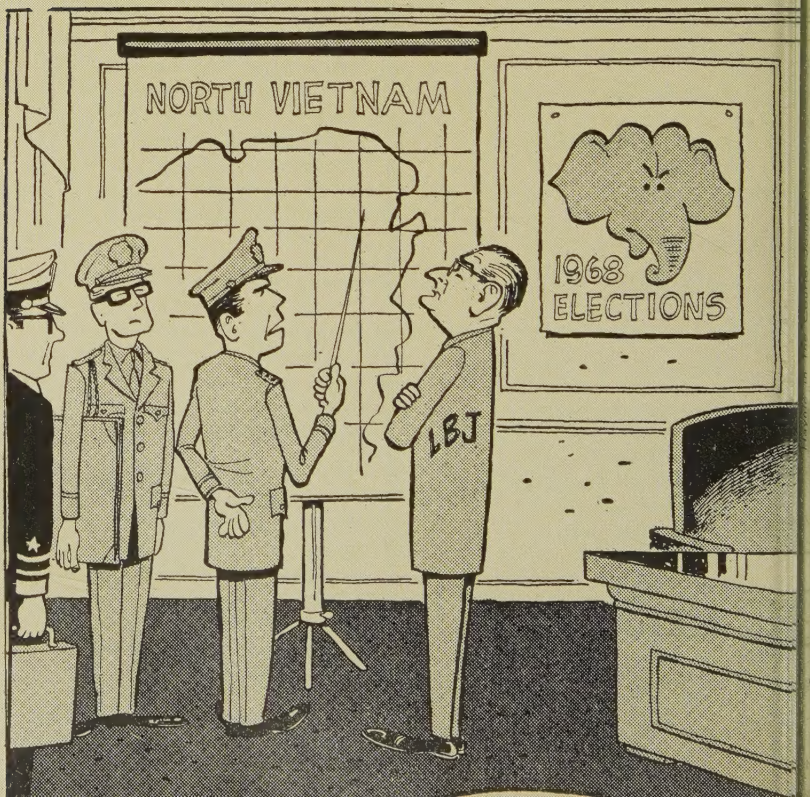
Instead, I'm going to learn
(not parrot what is taught)
I'm going to learn to think—
critically—
to question—
creatively—
And speak out when I can.

So, if the world's still here when I am 30—
I'll be prepared to live
—instead of vegetate,
To act
—instead of talk,
To love
—instead of hate or tolerate.
Perhaps then growth will come.
God help us all. ▼

BY LAURA-JEAN MASHRICK



"All evidence shows they'll cave in before the Year of the Elephant."



Reprinted with permission of Philadelphia Bulletin



Conrad in The Los Angeles Times

"There but for the grace of Dodd . . ."



"They say I'll arrive sooner this way."

Herblock in the Washington Post

"Dangerous genie"

"As a defender of our two-party system, it's your patriotic duty to run, Batman!"

Fawcett in the Providence Journal-Bulletin

"Help!"



Herblock in the Washington Post


A KISS IS A SIGN OF LOVE
KISSING IS FOR FUN AND GAMES
STOP THE REDS NOW OR WE'LL BE FIGHTING THEM FOREV
NO NATION HAS A MONOPOLY ON TRUTH
NO WAR WILL END ALL WARS
NEGROES ARE TAKING OVER EVERYTHING
IT'S UNPATRIOTIC TO CRITICIZE YOUR OWN NATION'S POLICIES
NEGROES WANT TO BE TREATED AS HUMAN BEINGS
separating personalities
and
ET
UT OF
IETNAM



"Given any piece of soil and climate, the development of man's mind determines his wealth and joy; and the mind of man is best enriched by diversity and by excitement through conflict of ideas."

—Morris L. Ernst in
The First Freedom
(published by Macmillan, 1946)

BY LEWIS I. MADDOCKS / "Did you hear what she said? She thinks it's wrong to let a boy kiss her unless she's been out with him at least a half dozen times. What a creep!"

Whether or not a girl should let a boy kiss her before they've had at least a half-dozen dates is not the question this essay is going to discuss. What is of concern here is the difference between arguing the merits of a point of view and attacking the person with whom one disagrees. We want to talk, for example, about the difference between discussing when a girl should let a boy kiss her and calling that girl "a creep" simply because of a particular position she happens to take on this question. (Incidentally, why not wait until at least the *third* date?)

In the United States the process by which the government determines what policies it shall enact and administer is called representative democracy. As this author has written on previous occasions, one of the primary elements in democracy is freedom of speech, and this freedom means very little if persons who exercise it are attacked for doing so. What this means, essentially, is that if we are to keep democracy alive we must be willing to challenge the ideas which we oppose without attacking

Art by Charles Newton

the persons who hold them. In other words, we must be willing to discuss the question when girls ought to be kissed without attacking as "creeps" persons who disagree with our answer to it.

Why is this topic important to discuss at this time? (Remember the "topic" is freedom of speech without harrassment, *not* when girls should kiss boys!) One reason is the current threats to the democratic process from political extremists and another reason is the increasing pressure on persons to refrain from dissent to policies of the U. S. government in Viet Nam and its related policy, the selective service system. By expanding on these examples, the point this essay wishes to make can be illustrated and thus explained.

Name-calling blurs the issues. Everyone is familiar with the attacks which the radicals on the Right have been waging on those with whom they disagree. "Communist," "fellow traveler," "dupe," "agent of communist conspiracy" are only a few of the terms they have used to attack those who do not accept their solutions or support their organizations. Rarely, if ever, do these radicals on the Right discuss rationally the views which their opponents hold. They evidently believe that it is easier to attack their opponents than to present arguments against the positions of their opponents on such issues as the role of government in the economy, the United Nations, civil rights, or foreign policy, to name a few.

On the other hand, the radicals on the Left, particularly the Communists, use terms like "agent of Wall Street," "fascist," "capitalists," "imperialist," or "warmonger" to describe those who refuse to support the ideals and goals of communism.

In both cases, attacks on persons have been substituted for discussion of the merits and demerits of the various positions held. It is the discussion of the issues that is the essence of the democratic process, and it is the attack on persons which can result in the destruction of the democratic process.

The war in Viet Nam has resulted, not only in the obvious killing and destruction overseas, but has had ominous repercussions at home in terms

Democracy is built on the freedom of a person to speak his own opinion without being attacked for doing so

what is discussed here. For example, we have heard expressions like ace creep," "Vietniks," "nervous Nellies" and other terms to describe se who are protesting U.S. policy in Viet Nam. There is a widespread umption in America that those who oppose U. S. involvement in Viet m are being disloyal to American troops and are thus aiding the enemy. s also true that those who supoprt U. S. Viet Nam policy are being called perialists," "war hawks," and "militarists."

Another example of name calling as a substitute for discussion is in re- d to the U. S. military draft. Those who protest the selective service icies have been called "draft dodgers," "cowards," etc.

In the search for truth, tackle ideas, not people. Many more examples be cited to demonstrate that one of the tasks of our society is to main- n an environment in which all persons can be free to express their opin- s about matters of public policy without their being attacked personally. e must be willing to recognize the right of dissent and concentrate on dis- sion of the merits of ideas, proposals, policies, and programs and not e such discussion revert to attacks on persons, on their motives, on their alty, or on their devotion to the religious faith they espouse. This is the blem; what can we do about it?

Where there is controversy, we've got some growing to do. And we l most free to discuss opposing ideas in that kind of atmosphere where feel most accepted. And if the forgiving love of God is real to us, we uld feel most at ease to disagree within the fellowship of fellow Chris- ns. One way to start tackling this problem of keeping issues separate from rsonalities is to abolish once and for all our fear of controversy. A good ce to begin is in our churches.

It seems that the most uncomplimentary thing we can say about our urch is that it is "friendly"—especially if we mean, "We never disagree!" w, don't get me wrong—I'm not against friendly churches—it's just that leplore the reluctance which we find in our congregations to discuss con- versial subjects because of the fear that people might become angry and is less "friendly." If the reconciling power of the gospel cannot be

employed to help people disagree on public issues without attacking ea[illegible] other as persons, then the gospel is not being employed in a way consiste[illegible] with its potential.

Our faith is relevent to everyday life. Yet another aspect of thi[illegible] problem is the denial by many people of the Church's right to speak abou[illegible] public affairs. The Church—whether through the local pastor, a social a[illegible] tion committee, or the national governing body—must speak to thos[illegible] matters in our public life which affect people—civil rights, poverty, ci[illegible] liberties, foreign affairs, political graft, or whatever. It has been said [illegible] many—and rightly—that Jesus Christ was concerned with all life and th[illegible] the Church, if it is to be truly the Body of Christ—must likewise be [illegible] volved in the world. This means controversy and even conflict—but s[illegible] what?

As long as we are concerned with ideas, proposals, programs, etc. a[illegible] not with judging and attacking persons per se, we should welcome t[illegible] opportunity for the Church to fulfill its mission to act as a reconciler of pe[illegible] sons. At the same time, the Church can provide the forum for the ex[illegible] change of views around which the lives of its members revolve. As long a[illegible] the Church performs these functions, it is encouraging freedom of expres[illegible] sion within the framework of the democratic process. If those who oppos[illegible] the right of the Church to speak on public issues are challenged to presen[illegible] their views on what they feel the gospel says to the issue in question, th[illegible] result is the promotion and encouragement of Christian dialogue which fe[illegible] would deny is a major function of the Christian church.

This means that persons should be encouraged to relate the teachings o[illegible] Christianity to public affairs and make their judgments accordingly. Sinc[illegible] hardly any statement on such issues can be regarded as more than *a* Chris[illegible] tian position (rather than *the* Christian position), devoted and committe[illegible] Christians can disagree on the solution to a social problem and thus the[illegible] should be able to argue the merits of each others' positions without attack[illegible] ing each other as persons equal in the sight of God. This is what I mea[illegible] by Christian dialogue and it is this dialogue that the Church should e[illegible] courage. This you can do by promoting discussion in the groups to whic[illegible] you belong on the many political, economic, and social issues of the day.

'ruth is discovered in open encounter
f ideas; but it is unattainable when
ıe seekers after truth are silenced

Get to know your "opponent" personally. Yes, another way to deal th issues and not with personalities is to take advantage of every opportnity to meet face-to-face the people with whose views you do not agree. s amazing how often we will find ourselves saying, "Joe is a great guy, ıt I don't see how he can believe. . . ." Here respect for the person is aintained although one disagrees with the views he holds. When I was aching American Government, I used to think certain Congressmen whose ews I felt to be Neanderthal, were either knaves or fools. Invariably, I ıd that upon meeting some of these same Congressmen, I have discovered em to be men of outstanding character, although I think as little of their ews now as I ever did. The saying that you've got to know some people really hate them contains more humor than truth—and no Christianity.

Attempts at democracy often fail among today's rising young nations ecause they have not learned the power of loyal opposition. Certainly ıe secret of the success of democracy as practiced among the established nglish-speaking nations is the spirit of loyal opposition—where members opposing political parties may often violently disagree on issues, but hen the vote is taken they still respect one another as fellow citizens of nation to which all profess their loyalty.

In conclusion, whether one is truly able to separate opposition to a pern's views from opposition to the person himself depends more on the attide which one brings to the confrontation or conflict than on what one oes in such a situation. What is important is to realize that few people tend to do harm, to act foolishly, or to incur the wrath of others. Nearly veryone thinks what seems to him to be right, acts in ways which he beeves to be wise, and virtually always tries to win the approval of others. s long as we keep this in mind, we can more easily maintain respect for e person whose views we may even regard as ridiculous. With this separtion of ideas and personalities, communication can be preserved, Chrisın dialogue continued, the search for truth maintained, and the demoatic process protected. ▼

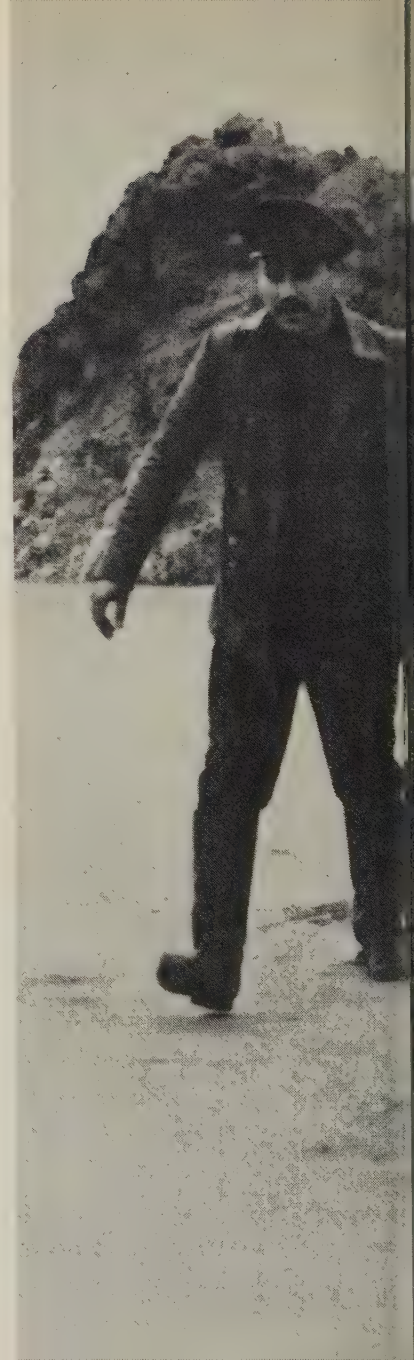
R. **LEWIS I. MADDOCKS** / "Lew" Maddocks is the Washington secretary of the Council r Christian Social Action of the United Church of Christ. He has written many articles r YOUTH. A special booklet containing the best of these, entitled "To Understand Our emocracy," is available for 25 cents per copy.

"THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING"

BY CHARLES NEWTON/Paul Revere rides again . . . to every village, middlesex and farm! Well, anyway, he tries to ride and to spread the alarm. But since he's old Ben Blue portraying the town drunk and his horse's name is Beatrice, most of an hour and thirty-five minutes is spent chasing the horse around and around the pasture trying desperately to get a bridle on him—tradition was never like this!

At a time when world tensions seem to be closing in on us like a vise . . . a genuinely humorous film is blowing some clear, sweet air across the wide Panavision screen. In a gentle yet insistent way, the film, "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming," takes to task some of our American-Way foibles, Cold War and otherwise, and before it arrives at its breathless conclusion, a few sacred cows go overboard into the waters off New England.

The film is in turn corny, droll, slapstick and witty, and after the show it may just provoke a serious thought or two among its viewers. One U. S. Senator felt so strongly in support of



Photos courtesy of United Artists





Two Russian sailors guard family



Who's in charg

the film that he had a Washington D. C. newspaper review of the movie in serted into the *Congressional Record*. There is a rumor that the film may b shown in the Soviet Union . . . but hopefully not before everyone in thi country has seen it at least twice.

When a nosy Russian submarine captain is so busy gawking at the U. S. o A. through the periscope that he runs his vessel aground in Yankee waters the simple question is: What happens next? The simple answer is not s simple but very funny. Under the leadership of Lt. Rozanov (Alan Arkin), shore party lands intent only on finding a boat to pull the sub free befor U. S. planes attack the Russians.

Placing the Whittaker family (Carl Reiner, Eva Marie Saint and children under polite guard, the Russians commandeer their car so they can get t the island's only harbor and find a boat. From then on, anything goes.

It's been said that the strength of a good effective film is usually the sum of its parts. And this film has the good parts.

One of these is Whittaker's six-year-old son, Pete, played by Sheldo Golomb. A suspicious brat, he discovers the Russians sneaking up on th house, calls his father a Benedict Arnold (because Walt tells the Russian where the harbor is), eggs his father on to the point of risking all their live by jumping the young nervous Russian guard and after Walt wrests the gu away, little Pete derides his father for letting the guard get away.

First to spread the alarm is Doro Merane, a village postmistress. Looking out her window she sees the Russians trying to commandeer her car (th other car ran out of gas) and exclaims, "Those teenagers again!" But wit a closer look (she put her glasses on), she manages to call the island's cen



chief or war vet?



Prisoners try to escape

ral switchboard before she winds up tied and hung up. Soon most of the sland is in a glorious, confused uproar.

The clash between the sword-waving leader of the newly-formed town nilitia and the chief of police is a high point of hilarity. Fendall (Paul 'ord) is a pot-bellied WW1 veteran (elected leader because he had the word). With all his information based on rumor and his past military ex-erience (you gather rather quickly it wasn't much), Fendall stands ready to ead the townspeople to immediate battle. The chief (Brian Keith), his atience like a ballooon with a slow leak, asks plaintively, "Well, now, did nyone actually see them Russians?" It's a battle of the wills to decide vhere to run next to repel the invaders. Finally, half of the town piles into ars and speeds off to the airport (a large cow pasture) to fight the imagined arachutists. Who made the decision . . . who knows?

Deputy chief, Jonathan Winters, is constantly "getting things organized" nto chaos and when a voice from the crowd sings out in Yankee twang Come on, Charlie's opening up the bah," you can see the fuel adding to he fires of confusion as villagers pile into the tavern.

In spite of all the complications and goings on, there is still time for ro-nance between a young Russian seaman, Kochin (played by John Law) and Alison (Andrea Dromm), the Whittaker's baby sitter. Alison, with the help of three-year-old Annie Whittaker (Cindy Putnam) calms the frightened outh (he thinks the Americans are going to shoot him). She takes care of is cut forehead, even gives him a glass of milk and chocolate cake. A gem s his great chocolate grin of relief at her friendliness. With Annie, they valk along the beach, exchanging glances. When he tells her he is afraid



e will at least have to go to prison, she holds his hand. And then—you uessed it, they kiss "just like in Soviet Union."

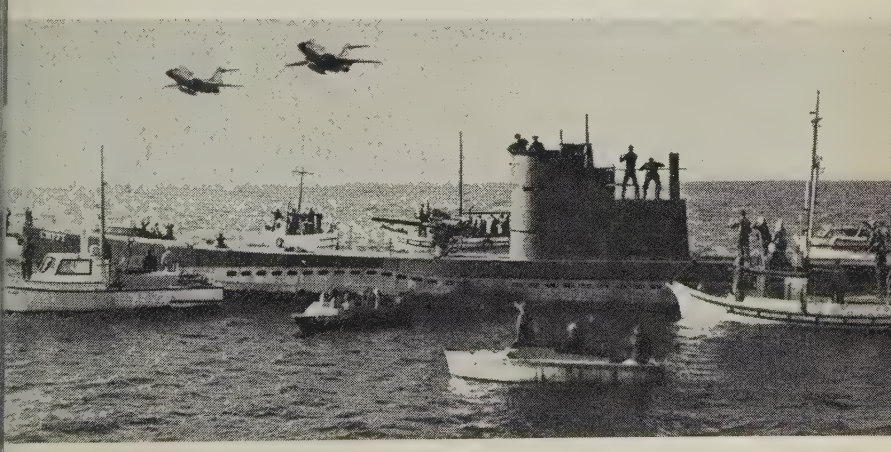
The Russian submarine steams into the harbor and right up to the dock. he glowering captain (portrayed by Theodore Bikel) trains his guns on the wn and demands the return of his men. (They have successfully grabbed power boat but somehow missed the sub, freed by the tide.) At the me time, the police chief and various town people, minutemen, militia, c., charge up to dockside, a delightful confrontation.

"Tell the captain he is under arrest for disturbing the peace," says the ief to the translator, but when the howls die down, the stubborn captain alizes it's a stand-off and to save face he will probably have to open fire.

The saving solution is ingenious, symbolically corny and wonderful be-des. The film points to the potential disaster in this day and age of "the ght of every citizen to bear arms." And you can also get the idea that ople are people everywhere (even the "Reds.") We all have our foibles, it the love side of human nature, if given half a chance, will overcome the ite side. Perhaps to some this is looking through rose-colored lenses but at's what tinted glasses are for—to protect the eyes from the atomic sun.

In the final scenes the islanders, in order to protect the sub from attack it goes out to sea, form an escort of all available boats. As the U. S. ombers finally arrive and buzz the sub and its escorts, they report the ght they see. Their dispatcher says "Come on back in. Somebody must now what's going on over there," and the pilot replies, "O.K., Charlie rown." It's that kind of show. ▼

HARLES NEWTON / Normally "Charlie" limits his activities on YOUTH's staff to layout sign and art work. But he was so impressed with this movie, he had to tell the rest of us out it.



An odd escort baffles U. S. bombers as they buzz the Russian sub.

Puerto Rico/66

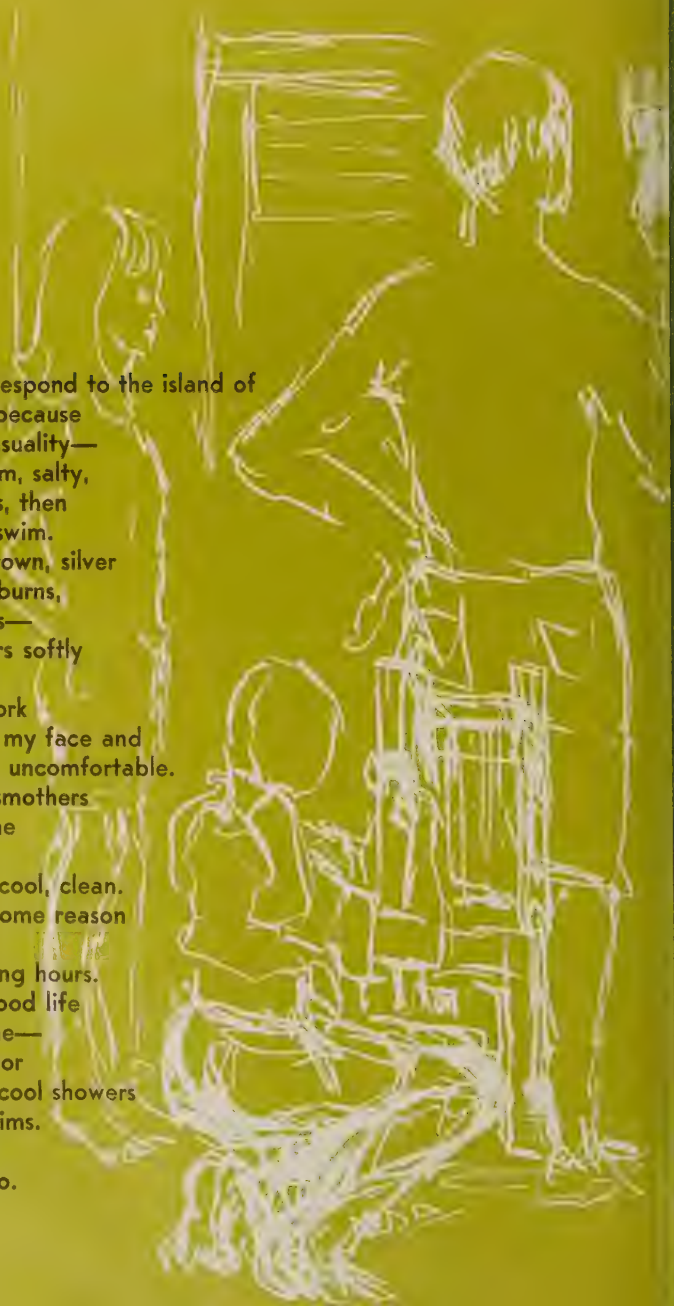
NELDA BARCHERS of Wapping, Conn., was one of twelve teens who made a ten-day work-tour of Puerto Rico this past spring. Being a budding poet-artist, she made many sketches of life in and around Mayagüez, and was inspired by her experience to write some poetry. Some of her visual and verbal impressions are shared on these and the following pages.

Palm trees
bending, waving.
tumbledown shacks.
new smells.
papaya for breakfast.
and Buenas Dias senor,
muchos gracias.
a Spanish dictionary
brand new.
children rolling
tires and wheels.
open, curious faces
in a thousand shades of brown.
smiles, love, open arms.
eagerly we are accepted.
cameras that click
at anything and
everything.
yet we wonder
if we could be content
to live here forever?

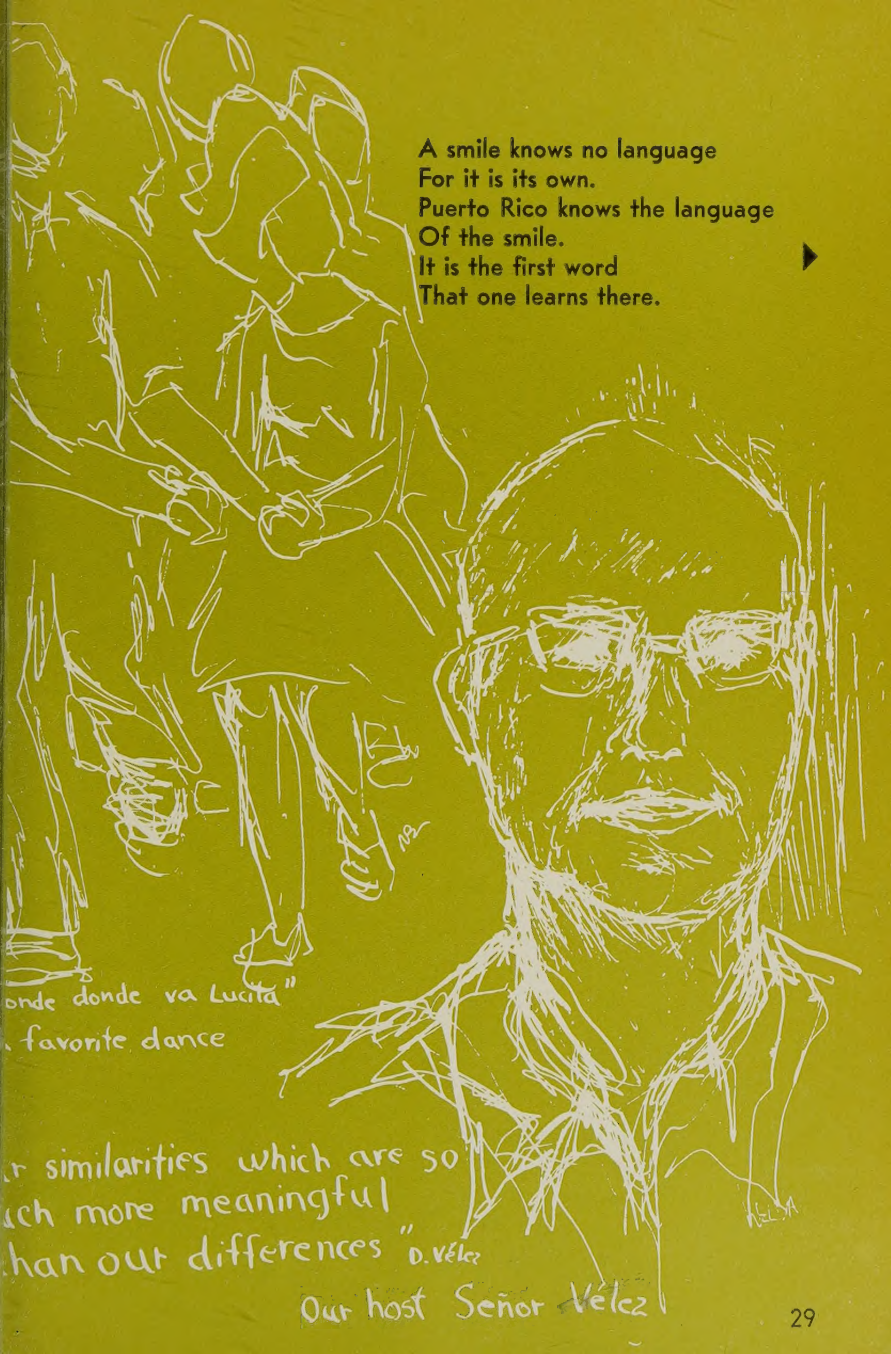




There I was
Sitting on the beach
With all the shells
And all the crazy palm trees
Waving to the faithful pelicans
Who kept crashing into the ocean
Hoping to find a fish or something.
The ocean was warm
And friendly before it exploded
Over the rocks and crawled over the sand
To tickle me.
Me—just sitting on the scratchy, white sand
Watching the waves roll
And the pelicans dive.
Not a care in the world
Sucking on an orange
Squinting at the sun.
Somebody found a starfish
And it was blue and spiky.
I took a picture of the
Crazy palm trees
And I memorized all the waves.
I collected a hundred shells.
But I couldn't take the beach with me.
It's still there
Waiting for me.
Keeping its promise.



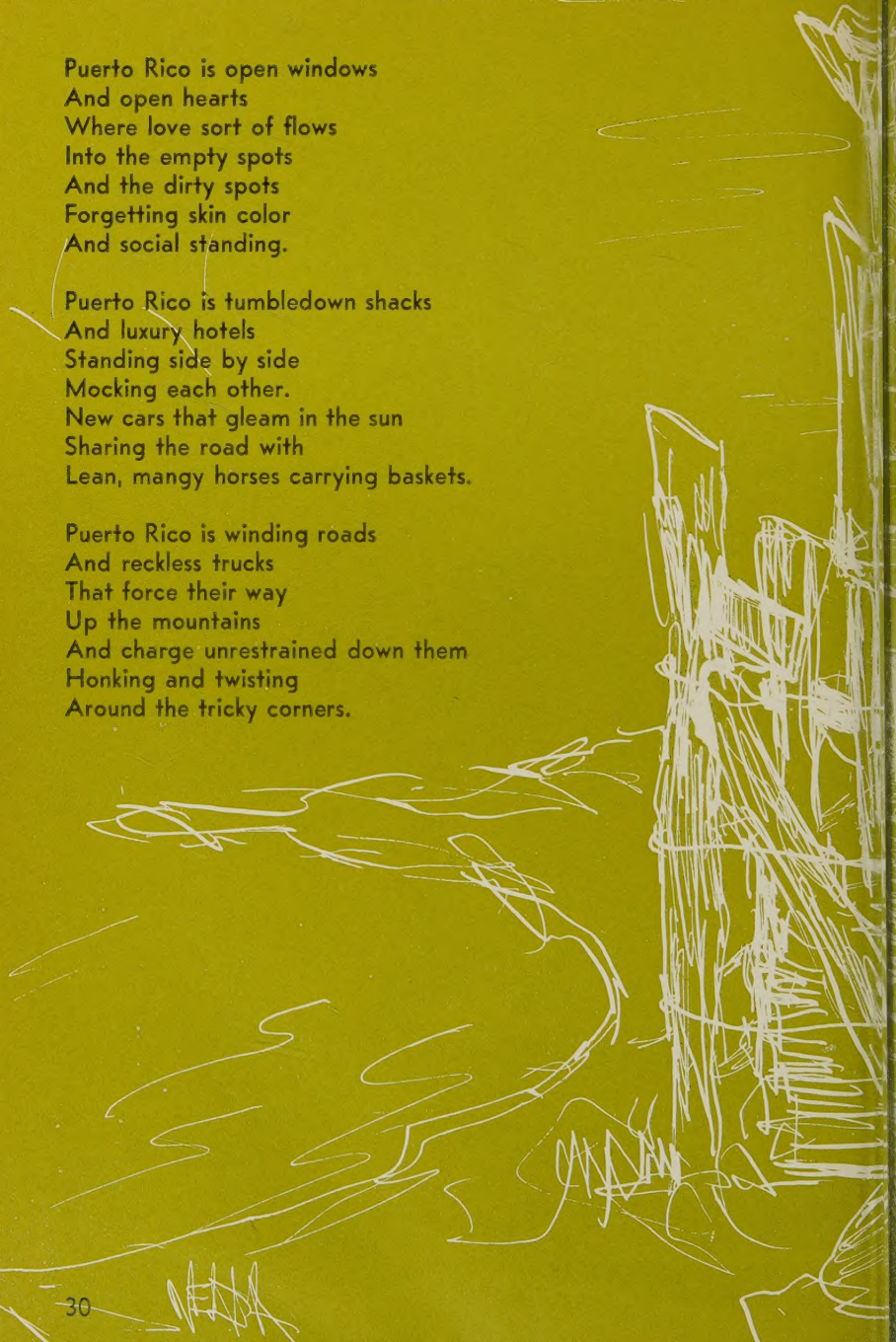
Sensuous—yes
That is why I Respond to the island of
Puerto Rico—because
I enjoy the sensuality—
The ocean warm, salty,
Kisses, caresses, then
Slaps me as I swim.
Sand white, brown, silver
In the sun—it burns,
Cuts, scratches—
Protects, covers softly
As I sunbathe.
And when I work
Sweat rolls off my face and
I am itchy and uncomfortable.
The humidity smothers
Me—chokes me
In its grasp.
The shower is cool, clean.
The food for some reason
Tastes better.
And I sleep long hours.
Yes it is the good life
That tempts me—
Sweat and labor
Rewarded by cool showers
And ocean swims.
The good life
Of Puerto Rico.

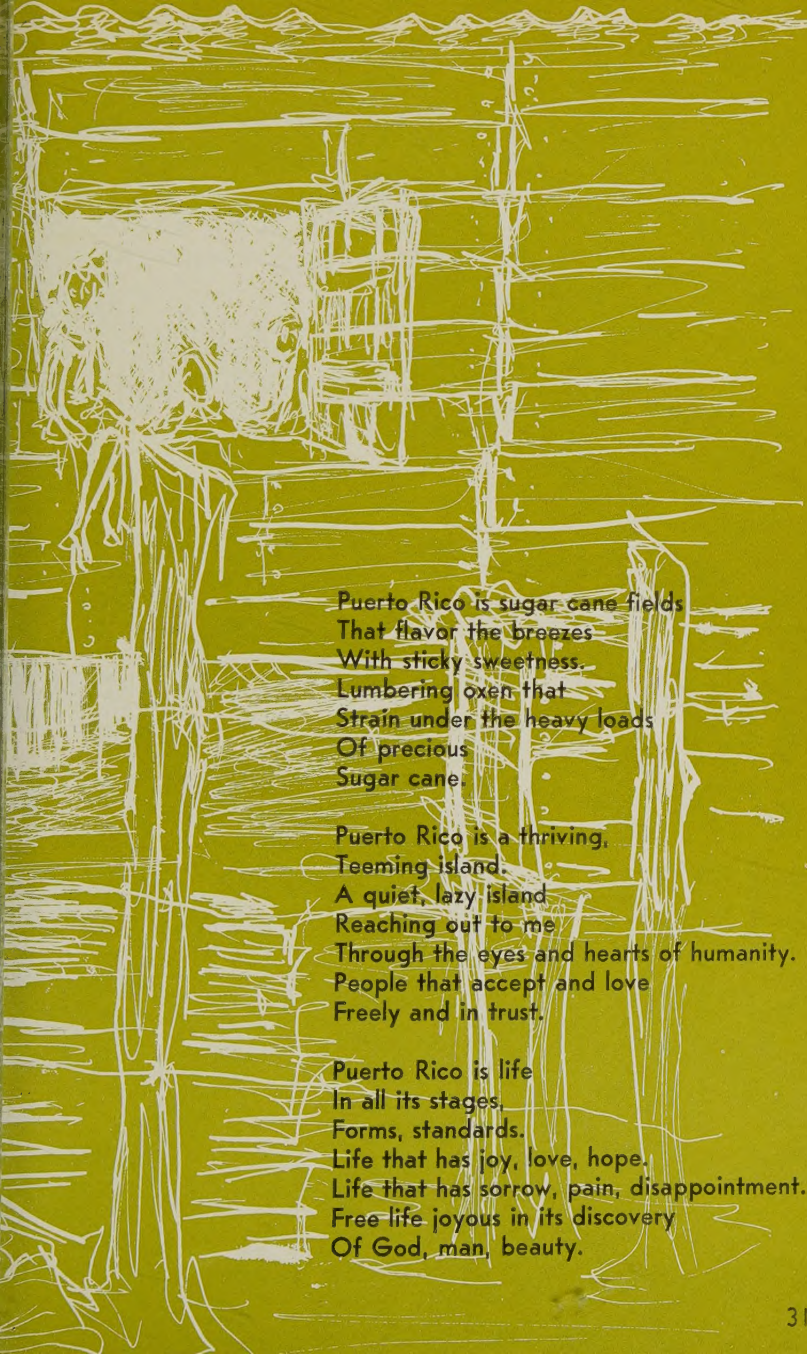

A smile knows no language
For it is its own.
Puerto Rico knows the language
Of the smile.
It is the first word
That one learns there.
onde donde va Lucía"
favorite dance
r similarities which are so
ich more meaningful
han our differences" D. Vélez
Our host Señor Vélez

Puerto Rico is open windows
And open hearts
Where love sort of flows
Into the empty spots
And the dirty spots
Forgetting skin color
And social standing.

Puerto Rico is tumbledown shacks
And luxury hotels
Standing side by side
Mocking each other.
New cars that gleam in the sun
Sharing the road with
Lean, mangy horses carrying baskets.

Puerto Rico is winding roads
And reckless trucks
That force their way
Up the mountains
And charge unrestrained down them
Honking and twisting
Around the tricky corners.





Puerto Rico is sugar cane fields
That flavor the breezes
With sticky sweetness.
Lumbering oxen that
Strain under the heavy loads
Of precious
Sugar cane.

Puerto Rico is a thriving,
Teeming island.
A quiet, lazy island
Reaching out to me
Through the eyes and hearts of humanity.
People that accept and love
Freely and in trust.

Puerto Rico is life
In all its stages,
Forms, standards.
Life that has joy, love, hope.
Life that has sorrow, pain, disappointment.
Free life joyous in its discovery
Of God, man, beauty.


Youth is a time of life: it is a state of mind.
We grow old only by deserting our ideals . . .
You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt;
as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear;
as young as your hope, as old as your despair.
—Samuel Ullman
WHOOPEE!
OFFISHAL
SPELING
CHAMP
Free
Speech
NOW!
FREE TRIP
TO
HAWAII
ASK ME
VOTER EDUCATION
PARTICIPANT
SORRY
ABOUT THAT
CHIEF
WOULD YOU
BELIEVE I'M
21
DON'T
OLLOW ME
I'M LOST
FREEDOM
NOW
CORE
I SUPPORT
OIC
PEACE
OR
PIECES
=
I
LOV
RIN
Wir geben
uns mehr
Mühe.
I
LIKE
BOYS